



"I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him; — the cause that I knew not I searched out." —Job xxix. 12, 16.

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Advocate and Guardian.

EDITED BY MRS. SARAH R. I. BENNETT.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

IN order to avoid mistakes in respect to our letters, received by mail, we earnestly request that hereafter all letters on business of the Society may be addressed thus:

MRS. SARAH A. STONE,
No. 29 East 29th Street,
Box 4740. NEW YORK.

Please be particular to place the above box number on all letters.

For Terms, see Last Page.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

**"FOR RICHER, FOR POORER, FOR BETTER,
FOR WORSE."**

It was a cold, cheerless evening in the early part of December, when Mr. Anthon closed the door of his mercantile house, took the great key from its ponderous lock, and turned his face in the direction of home. Every working day for twelve long years had been brought to its close in the same manner, and at nearly this very hour. But never before were his thoughts so sad, and his heart so heavy, and his step so slow as he left his place of toil and care, and sought his haven of rest and joy. Well did he know that the same home comforts awaited him, the easy chair drawn to the warmest nook by the fire, the warmly-lined slippers just ready for his weary feet, the fire bright and glowing, and the curtains closely drawn, to shield him from the least approach or sound, if possible, of the cold winds that now whistled around him. And there, too, he knew, brightest and best of all, was the loving smile that had

never once failed to welcome him, while six little feet were silenced, that six little ears might better listen for papa's coming. But all of these could not lure him. He was going to them under different circumstances than he had ever entered into their presence before, and his heart was like lead in his bosom. The year, just closing, had been to him, as to many others, one of signal disasters in business. By the strictest attention to business he had made his small gains counterbalance his frequent losses, and had now hoped he would struggle through the year with his doors still open and his prospects no darker. But just on the eve of its going out, he had learned that a well-known firm, in whose pecuniary strength he had the utmost confidence, who were largely his debtors, had declared themselves insolvent. This unlooked-for event so embarrassed his arrangements that he would be unable to meet demands made upon him, and before another setting sun the store he had just left would be his no longer, and the key he carried must pass into other hands. He would have cared but little, comparatively, could the grim creditors have gone no farther than his place of business; but when he knew that they must enter his home-sanctuary, and take therefrom the luxuries and comforts from his loved ones, he could hardly endure the idea. He went back again to the happy girlhood of his own sweet Nellie. He saw her once more with all that she could wish of pleasure in her paternal home, where he had found her. He transplanted her, as he did ten years ago, that very night, to his own home, a perfect counterpart to the one she had left, and where she had hitherto found only a thornless path and cloudless skies. How dear had she been to him during these years of prosperity. How tenderly he had striven to shield her from the slightest trouble of life, and now how could she meet adversity. How could she suffer the ills of poverty, who had never known an ungratified wish. Must he disclose the fact that he was poor to her? How could he do it? With the dreaded burden on his

heart, for the first time in his life, he reluctantly drew near his home. For the first time its lights could not drive away the shadow, and he crossed the threshold a very wretched, sorrowing man.

"Willie, dear, you are later than usual tonight. What could have kept you? For nearly a half hour we have been listening for your footsteps, and I began to have some forebodings; you are always so punctual. And you look troubled, and are cold, too. Let me help you remove your wrappings, and then go very near the warm fire, where the little ones are waiting to welcome you."

"Here comes papa, please let me have the first kiss," and six little lips were so nearly at the same time turned to his own, that it was difficult to know which was victor for the coveted first. Soon two year old Willie was perched in his favorite seat on papa's knee, and Kittie and Eddie were as near as possible on either side of the great easy chair that held one of the two best and dearest beings on earth to them. The little ones basked in the face-smiles, and were merry at the forced gaiety, never dreaming that their ringing laugh echoed a sigh, and their little hearts were beating near a great one crushed with sorrow for their sakes. But the ever watchful eye of the wife saw that Willie's kiss on cheek and brow and lip could not drive away the troubled look from his father's face, while the almost untasted evening meal filled her with an anxiety she had never before experienced. Soon the weary little trio were safely and cosily resting from their busy activities in the sweet slumber of childhood. And the gentle mother, giving them to the care of God and the angels, sought her husband, to learn the cause of the saddened brow. These evening hours had ever been loved spots in life to her. After the respective duties which separated the household band for the day were over, this was a time devoted to family reunion and social enjoyments. Her husband had ever striven to leave the cares of business with his ledger, and she had never

permitted the little grievances of the day to desecrate these hours, so that both had learned to look forward to this time as the happiest part of the day. Pleasure had been the evening guest in the past, why now, if one heart was sorrowing, would it not be a fitting time to unburden its trials? Might she not remove the burden or drive away the cloud?

"William, you are very, very sad to-night. You strive to wear the old smile, but I fear it costs an effort to do so. Cannot you tell her, whose sorrows, and joys, and heart, and life are one with yours, what has chased the old smile away?" And the face he turned upward to her own was full of wretchedness, and in the eye that looked into hers nestled a great tear, and the strong man bowed, the first time she saw him overpowered, the first time she ever saw him wrestling with a heavy sorrow. And then he rose again—could he tell her?

"Nellie, dearest, can you bear it? Can you, so loving, so gentle, so faithful in the days of sunshine, be the same in the dark days to come? Nellie, we are poor. All of the earthly possessions I yesterday called my own, have today flown forever. Before the end of another day, the very house we live in, nearly all of its home comforts, will be claimed by others, and I shall be penniless. How can you, only used to flitting in sunlight, endure the storms of poverty?"

"Willie, dear, is this all? Have we nothing, while three immortal treasures are still our own? Are we poor with our wealth of love for each other? Do riches alone consist in the possession of houses and lands and gold, and is it utter poverty where they are not? No, the butterfly is made for the sunshine alone, but your wife would loathe herself did she feel she was but a butterfly. While her husband and little ones are spared to her, she has oak-properties enough to buffet the most pitiless storms of adversity."

"But, Nellie, our friends will leave us; our position in society is gone, when the ability to keep up an appearance is lost. And then there will be toils and privations of which you have never dreamed. Can you endure it all? O, I fear the consequences."

"May it not be a time to cull friends, William? Are those worth having who have fled when most needed? And then when summer friends are gone, how dear will be those who are unchanged when wintry frosts appear. How doubly dear the loved ones whom outward circumstances cannot affect. My life, too, has always been so useless, may not necessity call for latent energies, may it not be a time to awaken from slumber? Shall the strong and hardy oak receive the fearful blasts and the vine only cling to it as a useless ornament? Rather, shall it not throw its tendrils all about it that the blow may be lessened, and clasp it so firmly that it cannot loose its rooting. Without my husband and my God-given jewels I would be poor indeed, with them I am rich, let what may come."

The prayer that went up from the family-alter that evening ascended from a home with few temporal treasures; but never was it more richly laden with thanksgivings for the immortal treasures that wealth cannot buy.

In a few days the red flag told to the world that all of the valuable possessions of Mr. Anthon were at the mercy of the highest bidder. In a few days more the hundreds of friends of the widely-loved family might be counted by tens. And in a few days more the spacious dwelling was exchanged for a cozy nest of a home in a less fashionable part of the town. Thither went very few of the adornments of the larger residence, but to the new, humble abode went the same bright smiles, the same glad voices, the same warm hearts that had made happy the old, and had graced the home of prosperity.

When Nellie Dirwin joined hands with William Anthon for richer, for poorer, for better, for worse, it was not to be led only through a flowery pathway, but if need be, through the valley, or the rocky mountain pass. Glad was she that thorns had appeared that her strength might be tested and her love proved. When William Anthon looks around on his heart-possessions, he sighs not for the wealth that has gone, but thanks God for the adverse winds of 1861 that blew it away, to reveal to him far richer treasures which shall be his forever.

C.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

DORCAS.

BY H. BUCKLEY.

"NEVER yet has our Dorcas Room been entirely empty."

"DORCAS," that name so full of cheer,
The poor of earth delight to hear;
They dearly love to spread her fame,
For deeds performed in Jesus' name.

A learner at her Master's feet,
To do His will, was more than meat;
Like Him, it was her daily joy,
Among the poor to find employ.

She kindly sought for those in need,
And proved she loved them by her deed:
The widows shared her constant care,
And did her coats and garments wear.

When they were called with her to part,
The deepest anguish filled the heart:
As they stood round her dying bed,
How many sorrowing tears were shed.

But when to Joppa Peter came,
He prayed with faith in Jesus' name;
And Dorcas lived, again to bless
The widow and the fatherless.

A blessed name, by all admired,
To noble acts it has inspired;
Thousands on whom her mantle rests,
Whose Christ-like deeds the poor have blest.

LETTER FROM A BEREAVED MOTHER.

NEW HAVEN, Jan. 21, 1862.

To the Children's Sec.—My dear Mrs. P.,
Some weeks since you called upon us, and
found with us a little babe for whom I was
anxious to find a home by adoption. Circum-

stances at the time forbade our keeping it. Soon did a kind Providence provide for it. A very lovely woman, who had no children of her own, came and took it.

I was pleased to see that the motive which most influenced her to adopt it, was *duty*. Not merely the *enjoyment*, present and prospective, of loving and training, and making happy a child who otherwise might be left to suffer or die for want of a mother's care.

This, to be sure, is a powerful motive; but more powerful is a sense of duty to that Heavenly Father who has given homes and means adequate to provide for one or more of these children of want.

This mother is already rewarded in the love and innocent prattle of the babe, for the nights of unrest, the cares and labors incident to infancy. Her highest enjoyment is yet to come. As its little mind unfolds, and she can teach it the story of redeeming love, then will hers be a delightful task; far more so than aught else connected with the child. Nor need she labor in vain. The promises of God are the same to adopted children as to others. To the faithful training of Christian parents He will add His blessing. This has been our experience in regard to our child, who has so recently been removed from us by death.

Yes, my dear Mrs. P., that scourge which is abroad in the land has entered our fold and taken from us, not the children of our adoption, but our own, our much-loved daughter, at the age of twelve and a half years. In this great bereavement, we have the consolation of thinking, "It is well with the child." We had held her from birth as a lent treasure, to be trained and educated for His service who gave her, and had hoped she might live a long life of usefulness. But for wise reasons which we cannot now know, she has been early called; and we have been enabled by faith to say, "not my will, but thine be done," and to resign her back to Him who had the first claim to her. At an early age we felt she experienced the renewing influences of the Spirit. And the conscientiousness, the truthfulness and unselfishness that have marked her life—her sweet submission to the will of God—her penitence, humility and simple trust in Jesus—her calmness and composure in view of death, are evidences to our minds that hers is now a higher state of happiness than could have been enjoyed on earth; and that she will be "forever with the Lord." Yes, her future training will be directed, not by imperfect earthly parents, but by holy beings who will by no mistake mar the earthly beauty of her character.

How far having other children in the family has been an agency in improving her character, I cannot say; but sure I am, that it is better for any child to share with others the love and attentions of parents. To her it was a source of enjoyment, and without these adopted ones, there would not have been that development of unselfishness in her, now so sweet to reflect upon.

Oh, how I pity those parents who hold their children as their own, to be educated for this world chiefly. What can sustain them when called to part with them by death? And another class for whom I feel so deeply since Sarah Melissa's death, is the little children who have not pious parents to teach them their duty to God, and about the Saviour who died to save them.

Please give my love to Mrs. Bennett; she, from experience, will know how to sympathize with us. Also, to Mrs. Ball, Mrs. Hubbard, and others.

I send twenty dollars—money that was Sarah Melissa's. Appropriate as most needed.

The other children have not yet recovered from the effect of this dreadful disease—the diphtheria. Their sight is much affected. Robby's head is much affected, and has been, at times, previous to this. I apprehend he may fall a victim to brain disease.

Yours, affectionately

M. H. TOWNSEND.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

MATERNAL INFLUENCE:

OR, WHAT ARE MOTHERS FOR?

CHAPTER V.

"TIS a little thing,
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell."

"Down, down with you—out, you puppy, be gone," rudely exclaimed our neighbor, Mrs. Jones, who had just stopped in for a little chat, as Jamie's pet terrier attempted to nestle down in her lap.

"I hate dogs worse than pisen," she added, giving the astonished little creature two or three smart blows and thrusts with her great hand.

"Oh, don't hurt him, don't, Mrs. Jones," I cried, as I sprung to the rescue. "It's a shame to strike a dog," I said with rising indignation at the thought of such cruelty being shown to the pretty object of my brother's care and affection.

"I don't see what you keep dogs in your house for," continued our visitor, pettishly, as she brushed down her dress, and turned from my fire-flashing eyes, to the calm, bland countenance of my mother. "You don't seem to mind 'em a bit, but I declare they are the most disagreeable things in the world to me. I'd just as leve have a snake crawling round the house."

My anger was boiling over. I dared not give any expression to my feelings, but as I sat caressing Zep, and listening to the coarse language of the woman, my heart was muttering all manner of denunciations and invectives. Mother was as tranquil as if nothing unpleasant had been said or done; and when Mrs. Jones thus uncivilly addressed her, she looked up with a smile, saying,

"That is Jamie's dog, Mrs. Jones."

"And you allow him to keep such a pest round the house?"

"Certainly—why not?"

"Well, now, do you like dogs, Miss Foster? Jist tell me, will you?"

"To speak the truth—no, I do not, but I can put up with what I don't like, if it promotes the happiness of a child."

"Well, well, well! if that a'n't coming to it! And I should like to know if children's the only ones to be pleased about house. For my part, I conclude the parents are to be pleased fust, and the young ones afterwards."

"Certainly, Mrs. Jones, in some respects the parents are to be always pre-eminent. Their authority is to control the household constantly, and the children are to yield undeviating obedience and respect, but is not the pleasure of the children, their happiness and enjoyment to be studied too? Do not parents owe a duty of love as well as of control to their little ones? Ought we not to make them happy whenever we can do so without compromising their real good?"

"I don't know about that. Children ought to be happy, I take it, in whatever makes their parents happy, and never want to do anything their parents don't like. This idea of giving up to your children—why, there's nothin' will make 'em take advantage of ye quicker. They'll ride over ye rough-shod, if you give 'em a chance."

"Love never injures anybody, Mrs. Jones; and if your children see that your affection for them is strong enough to induce you to deny yourself for their gratification, it will tend greatly, I think, towards making them affectionate and docile. Self-denial is the law of love—the rule by which it acts—the form in which it finds its choicest expression. No matter in what relation of life you stand—as a wife, parent, child, sister, or friend—if you are willing to lay aside your own convenience or gratification, or to assume a burden or task to please a beloved object, you gain a stronger hold upon them than you can by any other method. It seems to me we are taught this lesson in the dealings of our Heavenly Parent with His children."

"Well, well, well!" again exclaimed our visitor; "if you a'n't the greatest woman for idees. You do say the strangest things I ever heerd."

This was Mrs. Jones' customary resort when mother said anything she couldn't answer. I had heard her use those very expressions many times before. I used to think mother wasted words upon her; that her kind and gentle conversation, and her spiritual and far-reaching thoughts were to such a low, rude, material creature, like pearls cast before swine. I didn't scruple either to tell mother what I thought, but she always answered me with words of charity and wisdom.

"Poor woman!" she would say, "she never has been taught as we have been. We must

pity her and try to lift her dark mind up into the light of truth. And besides, Hattie, in talking with those who have not had equal advantages with us, either children or uninstructed persons, it is not necessary that we should come down to their level, but rather to help them up to our own. We should say things to make them think. Striking thoughts a little beyond their present comprehension, will excite them to reach up, to exert the mind to grasp truth; and this exercise, this stretching of the powers will be helpful."

I had heard mother say this so many times, that I understood well enough what she was now attempting, so I sat and listened, smothering down my contempt and repugnance to the ill-bred woman in the admiration I felt for my mother, whose imperturbable, sweet spirit was a mystery to me, while the words of wisdom that fell from her lips were a continual delight and profit.

"Take notice," continued she to Mrs. Jones, "of the manner of God's dealing with us. He requires obedience in all things, yet see how abundantly He provides for our happiness. What sources of enjoyment are all our senses to us. The eye, the ear, the nose, the mouth, the hand, are all so many avenues through which delight is flowing in unceasingly. Did God contrive these for His own gratification? In no sense; but going out of Himself, as it were, losing sight of His own divine attributes, and the objects which could bring enjoyment to them, He condescended to make provision for our mortal, finite happiness. Then see the abundant stores of joys and pleasures He has laid up, by which these senses minister to us. The charms of nature, sweet sounds, the perfume of flowers, delicious fruits and every natural object desirable and lovely to our perception, He has thought of and prepared beforehand for our use. And He not only permits us to use and enjoy these, but brings them to us, and pours them out with a liberal hand on every side. Now God requires us to be in our sphere as nearly like Him as possible, and in our parental relations we have good scope for imitation of His love. We must not content ourselves with merely doing what is necessary for our children. To supply them with food and clothing, to go a step farther on and cultivate their minds, or a step still onward, and train them in right and useful habits of life, is not enough. We must throw around all these the bright and beautiful garlands of love. We are to make our children happy—to dot their lives all along with pleasures and sweetesses. Nor, if a child desires an innocent gratification, because it would be no gratification to us, but rather the opposite, are we to deny him? No; the better way is to deny ourselves, and let him see that our love is true enough to conquer self, and that we are ready to sacrifice our own preferences for his pleasure. It seems to me that this is both the privilege and duty of the parent. And as to our children taking advan-

tage of our kindness, I think, on the contrary, that our example of self-denial would prove the greatest inducement and help in making them self-sacrificing, and studious of our wishes and pleasures."

"Oh, well," answered our unappreciative neighbor, "you have your way of thinking and I mine. 'Tis a free country, and you can keep your dogs and cats and birds and chickens, and bears, too, if you like—but as for me, I won't have 'em round. I'll put them and the young ones, too, jest as far off as possible. I put up with children jest because I can't help it, that's all, but the farther off the better, I say;" and Mrs. Jones rose to take her departure.

I watched her from the window till she had entered her own gate; then I burst forth,

"Isn't she intolerable, mother? If I had such a mother I should die. I don't wonder a bit that Rebecca Jones is such an ill-mannered thing. Everybody hates her."

"You should be sorry for her, my dear, and thank God that He has cast your lot in pleasanter places. Talking with such a woman always makes me feel grateful that God has been pleased to enlighten my mind, and to give me higher and better conceptions of life. I might have been left, but for His sovereign goodness, in just such a depth of darkness."

I sat for a little while thinking how such a contingency could possibly have occurred; trying to solve the mysteries of divine sovereignty, which have puzzled many an older and wiser head than mine; and when I had become tired and bewildered with running up and down those tangled mazes to no purpose, I started in a new direction.

"Mother," said I, "don't you really like dogs?"

"No, my dear, I have a natural aversion to all domestic animals. I suppose it is because I was never used to them when I was a child."

"Then I don't see how you can get along so pleasantly as you do with all our pets, and let us have so many. I should be all the time making up faces at the ugly little things, if I didn't love them."

"Just like the person you were so severely censuring but a moment ago," said mother, smiling.

That was a quietus. To be like such a woman as Mrs. Jones, after all I had said, was not a very relishful idea.

"Well, no," said I, "I guess I wouldn't either, I think your way is best. I would try to bear with them pleasantly if I had to—but then, mother, you don't have to. Why didn't you tell Jamie you didn't like dogs when he asked you if he might keep Zep? And why didn't you send Lizzie's kitty back again to Mrs. Carpenter?"

"Because, my dear, as I have just said, I love my children, and it is a real joy to me to be able to gratify them. If I allow you to have these sources of enjoyment, you will love home better, and not want to go abroad in quest of

happiness. Boys, especially, need all the charms and attractions possible thrown around home. Else they will seek street companions and street plays. The care of animals, too, cultivates their kind and tender feelings, and tends to make them more gentle in their disposition and manners."

"Mothers, my dear," she continued after a pause, "have to look to the ultimate good of their children, and not at their own selfish, temporary convenience or pleasure; and when the two come in collision, a right-minded mother will never hesitate a moment as to which should have the ascendancy."

And thus was taught me another of the delicate, but effective touches of the mother's heaven-appointed work.

H. E. B.

THE AMERICAN HERO—A SAPPHIC ODE.

BY NATHANIEL NILES, A. M., NORWICH, CONN., OCTOBER, 1775.

WE insert—by request—a portion of the following ode.

THIS Ode was sung in several houses of worship during the war of the Revolution. It was also sung at laying the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill Monument, and at its completion. It is no less appropriate now than it was on those occasions. Some of the aged people may like to see it, and also to hear it sung again.

D. T.

WHY should vain mortals tremble at the sight of Death and destruction in the field of battle, When blood and carnage clothe the ground in crimson,

Sounding with death-groans?

Death will invade us by the means appointed, And we must all bow to the king of terrors; Nor am I anxious, if I am prepared,

What shape he comes in.

Infinite goodness teaches us submission, Bids us be quiet under all His dealings, Never repining, but forever praising

God our Creator.

Well may we praise Him, all His ways are perfect, Though a resplendence infinitely glowing, Dazzles in glory on the sight of mortals

Struck blind by lustre.

Good is Jehovah in bestowing sunshine, Nor less His goodness in the storm and thunder; Mercies and judgments both proceed from kindness,

Infinite kindness.

O, then, exult that God forever reigneth, Clouds which around Him hinder our perception, Bind us the stronger to exalt His name, and

Shout louder praises.

Then to the wisdom of my Lord and Master, I will commit all that I have or wish for; Sweetly as babes sleep will I give my life up,

When called to yield it.

* * * * *
Life, for my country and the cause of freedom, Is but a trifle for a worm to part with,

And if preserved in so great a contest,

Life is redoubled.

REPORT OF HOME INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL NO. 2.

(For the Year ending Dec., 1861.)

HOME Industrial School, No. 2, has been better attended during the past than any previous year, both as to numbers and punctuality. The

general deportment and studious habits of the children have also been much improved.

The number of children that have attended the school during the year is five hundred and five. Average attendance, one hundred and forty-nine. Could we have the assurance that all these would be saved, it would be worth a life of toil and care, and if but one soul is thus rescued, we have not labored in vain.

Among cases of interest we name the following: A little boy who had attended our school became ill and died. His mother, who is a Romanist, says, "My boy longed to die. He used, on his sick-bed, to repeat the verses and sing the hymns he had learned in school." His mother now attends our prayer meetings for mothers, and seems interested.

Three Jewish girls have attended our school the past year; they were exceedingly interested in the reading of the New Testament; said they had never heard it before, and now they believed there was a Saviour. Their parents did not like to have them forsake the religion of their fathers, but the children seem determined to stand firm. The father has been unwilling that his children should attend Sabbath-school and Christian worship, but now, through the interest of the children in our school, he is willing that they should attend, and also go to church. The mother, who is ill with consumption, remarked that she had thought much lately of the truth of Christianity. A few evenings since, a visitor calling, found the family seated around the table, one reading the New Testament, another a Sabbath School Library book, a third learning the 24th Psalm. Speaking of this Psalm, she remarked that it was similar to their own Hebrew.

One of our little girls of eight years, said lately to the teacher, "I am so thankful to you for teaching me how to read, so I can read the Bible. I love it. It is a precious book. I read a chapter to my father and mother every night. I pray every night and morning, too. God is so good to me, and gives me everything I need."

Another girl said, when conversing with her, "How I wish I could always do right. I pray every day and try so hard to be good, but my wicked heart will not let me." There seems to be a general wish among the older girls to do right.

The mother of two of them says, "I never can thank you enough for what you have done for my children."

A mother recently showed her own and her child's love for the school, by putting the tickets that the child had earned in her coffin when she died.

A mother of one of our little girls says, "If I could buy my child two dresses, she would not think so much of them as of any little thing she receives in school."

Some two years since a bright little girl of ten years left the school, owing to the removal of her parents from its vicinity. She had been taught to read, write, and sew, and to know

her duty to some extent. From this date nothing was heard of her until lately, when she went to the teacher desiring her protection. It now appeared that after she became an orphan, she had been left at an improper place, and was surrounded by daily influences that she knew to be wrong. She had no where to look but to the school where, as she said, she had learned all of good that she ever knew. Immediate aid was offered by the teacher, and the poor, exposed child is now in a kind Christian family, with the prospect of a permanent home, and the rich boon of affection she is earning by well-doing.

With regard to outside influences, we may state:

A meeting, designed for the benefit of both parents and children, not attending any place of worship, was commenced during the past year and continued for several months. It was held in the immediate neighborhood of School No. 2, and has been attended by the families represented in the school, embracing a large number, including the old man with whitened locks, and the little infant in the mother's arms, who would, without this opportunity, have been destitute of all public means of grace. In some instances whole families have been present who had not united in such acts of worship for years—some never before. The room used for the meeting is one occupied by an Irish family, who are not professors of religion, but very obliging, and apparently interested in the services. Several students of the Union Seminary, with true Christian love and perseverance, have conducted these services, without remuneration, sometimes at considerable self-sacrifice, thus imitating those of whom it is said "that daily in the temple and in every house they ceased not to teach and to preach Jesus Christ." It is hoped these meetings will continue all the winter. Our hymn books were kindly furnished by the generosity of a lady, a stranger, who, though not a Christian, had heard with satisfaction of these efforts.

A young soldier, who attended our meeting when about leaving the city for Washington, offered prayer, to which many hearts warmly responded. A few weeks since he visited the meeting again, having lost his right arm. He testified that the Saviour's presence had been ever with him—in the day of trial, in the hospital for prisoners at Richmond, and now in the family circle, with the future changed in all its anticipations of earthly good. He says, "Were it possible, I should enlist again, to help save the Union." He spoke of many kindnesses received by wounded soldiers from the ladies of Richmond.

Throughout the entire year the meeting for mothers on Friday afternoon has been regularly observed, and accompanied with unfailing tokens of the Divine blessing. Sometimes the children present recite portions of Scripture or verses of hymns learned in the school. Sometimes the mothers speak of their joys or

sorrows, or request prayers for some loved one at home, or far away with the army. Several Romanists have been quite regular attendants at these meetings. The temporal wants of the most needy are supplied as far as possible.

A poor woman had been driven by the intemperance of her husband from their home, and with her two little children had begged from door to door. Within a few weeks the husband has confessed his fault, has rented a small room, gathered his family once more together, and provides for them. The man, though an Irish Catholic, attends the Sabbath evening meetings, and seems grateful for the kindness shown them. It is hoped that several interesting conversions have taken place in connection with these meetings.

A family connected with this school recently lost a little child. Although Protestants, they had no minister or Christian friends to visit them, until Providence directed a call from a friend who had seen the children in school. Arrangements were made for the attendance of a minister at the funeral. Several Romanists were present and listened attentively. The exhortation drew tears from their eyes.

It is hoped the seed sown in hearts softened by the word of God, may in this and many other cases, spring up and yield an abundant harvest to the glory of our blessed Lord.

DONATIONS RECEIVED DURING THE YEAR 1861.

Mrs. Halstead,	.	.	\$4 00
" Townsend,	.	.	1 50
" Hyde,	.	.	1 60
" Smith,	.	.	1 00
" Lyon,	.	.	1 00
Miss Dorchester,	.	.	1 00
From Friends, by Mrs. Smith,	.	.	8 00
Received from the Home, 1385 garments.			
Garments made by the children,	271.		
Quilts	"	"	25.
Received from the Bible Society, by Mr. Smyth, 4 dozen Testaments.			

For the Advocate and Guardian.

"A LITTLE MORE MONEY, AND A GREAT DEAL MORE GRACE."

"THAT is what I want," said one gentleman to another, as they pursued their way home from the ferry, "A little more money, and a great deal more grace."

Listening to the conversation of the busy throng, in the cars, on the ferry boats, in the omnibusses, seldom is the ear greeted with such words as these. The stirring political questions of the country, the price of stocks, the chances for a profitable investment of means, the fashionable amusements of the day, the idle gossip concerning one's neighbors, these are the subjects that occupy men's minds, and flow forth from their voluble tongues. When, then, some thoughtful one sees beyond the vanity of all these things, a brighter substance, and gives it the preponderance over all other good, not only in his secret judgment, but in his out-spoken testimony before other men, there is cause for great rejoicing to those who are watching

for the indications of a higher life among the people. It is well if amid the rush and hurry for gold, there is a consciousness of the soul's great need! if in the almost universal greed of earthly gain, there is now and then, an expressed desire for the heavenly treasure. A groveling aim is too much the tendency of the age. The constant abuse of immortal faculties for the sole attainment of perishable things; the bringing down and cramping exalted powers to the limited effort for worldly laurels; the choking of sublime aspirations by the self imposed dust of a plodding business career, this is what robs man of his dignity and pre-eminence, and degrades him almost to the level of the lower animals.

I look with respect and reverence upon the individual who will boldly stand out among his timorous fellows, and assert the supremacy of the Lord Jesus, over the vain idols which most men worship. Who will show by all his actions, that beyond and above what our physical eyes behold and our physical grasp can possess, there is a glory, and a blessedness worthy his most earnest effort to reach. The good things of the world are by no means to be despised. It is right even to pray for them, but we must take care that while we ask for temporal blessings—a modicum of health, and ease, peace and quietness, for our country, and our homes, comfort with our friends, reconciliation with our enemies, and a little more money—we do not forget to desire and petition for a great deal more grace.

F. I. BURGE SMITH.

YOUR EVENINGS.

GREAT boys and little boys, here is a question which concerns you all. How do you spend your evenings? If your parents or guardians allow you to go from home in the evening, where do you go, and how is this time spent by you? Read this account, and think of the lesson it teaches.

Joseph Clark was as fine looking and healthy a lad as ever left the country to go into a city store. His cheek was red with health, his arm strong, and his step quick. His master liked his looks, and said, "That boy will make something." He had been a clerk about six months, when Mr. Abbot observed a change in Joseph. His cheek grew pale, his eyes hollow, and he always seemed sleepy. Mr. Abbot said nothing, for awhile. At length, finding Joseph alone in the counting-room, he asked him if he was well.

"Pretty well, sir," answered Joseph.

"You look sick, of late," said Mr. A.

"Have a headache, sometimes," the young man said.

"What gives you the headache?" asked the merchant.

"I do not know as I know, sir,"

"Do you go to bed in good season?"

Joseph blushed, "As early as most of the boarders," he said.

"How do you spend your evenings, Joseph?"

"Oh, sir, not as my pious mother would approve," answered the young man, tears starting to his eyes.

"Joseph," said the merchant, "your character, and all your future usefulness and prosperity, depend upon the way you pass your evenings. Take my word for it, it is a young man's evenings that make or break him."—*Principia*.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

HEART MUSINGS.

Concluded.

How overwhelming was the waking up to the reality of all I had lost—all faith in man, all hope in Heaven, all thought of God. You helped me then.

"I! in what way?"

"I could not live in my father's house, I could not go back to the scenes, so full of his presence, I went, as your mother wished, to her; your quiet ways suited me better than your lighter-hearted sisters. One day, weary of their company and myself, I sought your room, you were engaged with your school-studies, translating aloud a passage in Dante's *Inferno*, and did not hear me, the window was wide open and I stood by it some moments unheeding; then I became conscious it was the punishment of sad, sorrowful souls you were reading—the words I cannot quite recall, but they came to me with a strange power: "Sad were we in the sweet day, made gladsome by the sun, now, in these murky solitudes, are we sad forever." Just then the sun, going down in its gorgeous setting, flashed over the painted windows of "Christ's Church," shimmered around the cross upon its tower, and poured over the whole view an indescribable glory, the sight had roused you, and for some moments we stood gazing in silence—it was a glorious day in early June—and your late New England season was in its first flush of spring beauty, reminding one of Eden in its purity before sin had marred it; at last you said, quietly,

"If while around thee, gales from Eden breathe, Thou hide thine eyes to make thy peevish moan Over some broken reed of earth beneath; Some darling of blind fancy dead and gone, What doest thou but adore the sun, and scorn, Him at whose word, both sun and stars were born."

I had always loved Nature; that hour she came to me with healing. More than this, a sweet repentance and subduing love, coming of the trust that appropriates forgiveness, grew up in my heart; henceforth the whole purpose of my life was changed. I was ever prompt to act, the habit continued, but now other than self was my object. As if in answer to my thought, you added, "Do you remember the epitaph Longfellow tells us he read on an old tomb-stone in Florence, 'Look not mournfully into the past; it comes not back again. Wisely improve the present; it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with an earnest heart.'"

"I am going back to the old home," I answered. That night I was ready for the return journey, and then I sat down and thought, I must have employment. I dared not trust myself without all safe-guards there, you wondered then why I took charge of the academy, you know now. By the dying bed of dear aunt Sally I learned sweet lessons of patience and divine trust, and I am glad uncle Grey did not live to see the old place pass into other hands; it quite softened my own regret that he could not know how his child was wronged, but, what matters it,

"If the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past."

Beulah slept, but Mary's thoughts were too busy with the days gone by. Was it true, that in her religion there was more of fear than love? All but one year of her life had been passed in the crowded city, her father's charge was large, and hardly taxed his bodily and mental powers. In the early days of his ministry, controversy that divided the New England churches, gave to his teachings a somewhat stern and sectarian character. The larger and more wealthy portion of his church adopted Arminian views, and withdrew, the church edifice was retained, but the sacrifices it involved while it drew the feeble little band more closely to each other, led them, with their pastor, to the extreme of the old school. As the struggle of these times passed away, and, year by year, he grew into the likeness of his Master, and, one by one, the forms about his hearth-stone faded into the hereafter, his heart clung with a child-like love and dependence to those that were left. Mary loved to recall the later years of her father's life, his beautiful old age, but these outward tokens came too late to change her habitual reserve. Her mother was a woman that looked well to the ways of her household. Mary wondered when she saw the hurry and confusion in other homes, at the easy facility with which her mother met and disposed of the cares attendant upon her large family and constant company. But with all her watching and care, the confidence of her children was not sought. The years of action were long past with her, and it was Mary's effort now to meet the requirements that fixed habits had made necessary. In the wakeful hours of that night, memories of her child-life passed before her in a succession of pictures: her first knowledge of the Being and presence of a God; it was one that, in the days of her skepticism, came before her mind with the force of a demonstration. A darkened room (or it might be twilight,) a little child, scarce three years old, she had wandered into it, and was drawn within the arm of a kneeling man; words were spoken of which she had no knowledge, but a glory filled the room, a splendor in which she was bathed, that surrounded and touched her like a real presence. That room lived in her remembrance, its high, trestled bed, curtained like the windows, the little table, plashed with ink, the red

carpet with small, green figures. Where it was or who its occupant, she never could recall.

Again, something had gone amiss of which she was accused wrongfully, her denial was considered untrue, and she was talked and reasoned with, told of the dreadful lake of fire, where wicked children should go who told falsehoods. Mary was a truthful child, and the charge filled her with shame and rage; she screamed with passion; from her habitual quietness, this was evidence of her guilt. She was taken to her chamber, told to read the story of Ananias and Sapphira, and ask God to forgive her; the chapter was found, and placed in her hands. The next moment the book was hurled across the room, then conscience cried aloud at the sin of so treating God's holy Word, for she verily believed that with His own hand God had written it; a miserable fear that she had committed the unpardonable sin possessed her. Supper was brought, prepared with unusual care, but left untouched; to escape from herself, she crept into bed and tried to sleep, but dreadful images of the future punishment to which she felt herself consigned, haunted and oppressed her. Strangely, it was not the material suffering, as in her childish ignorance she believed, but the companionship she had read or heard (the outlines of that story Mary could still recall,) of a highwayman, that in various encounters, had lost all his limbs till he was the mere head and trunk of a man. He lived somewhere in a wood, and was cared for by an old woman as wicked. When he could do no other harm, he would roll himself to the edge of the wood, and pour out the malignity of his heart in cursing every passer-by. To the poor child's excited fancy the image of that wretched man was prominent, she kept repeating to herself as she cowered under the bed-coverings, "I can't live forever and forever with that man."

The scene changes. It is an old lumber-room in her father's house, lighted on one side by a dormer window, under which stands a hideous South Sea idol, that, like everything else in the world, finds its use as prop to said window. On the opposite wall hangs a large map, from China, a gift to her father from some missionary antiquarian, "put out of the way" there, as not likely to improve the children's taste; a sort of descriptive picture of the Budhist belief in the transmigration of souls. In one corner is a numerous family of rag-babies of all sizes and evident home manufacture, presided over by a motherly doll, with a wooden head; reminding one of the domestic economy of a certain "old lady that lived in a shoe," but the great attraction of this room lies in a deep closet, where among heaps of old Panoplists, Missionary Heralds, Spirit of the Pilgrims, New England Reviews, and ancient manuscript sermons, were piled in chaotic order a heterogeneous collection of time-worn books, from which Fox's *Martyrs* is oftenest brought to the only sunny or cool spot under the window; and there, spread out upon the floor, the

child, *a la Turc*, beside it, would pass hours poring over its pictures. It was a large book and had been handsome, as its quaint old plates and broken clasps told. Safe in the silence and solitude of the place her mind dwelt upon those martyr-scenes, wrought out a martyr-life, quickened with all of incident and feeling and action that she desired in her own experience. Sometimes an old, worn copy of Cotton Mather's *Magnalia* was conned over with an endeavor now and then, to practise its conceits, as a satisfying medium to a quickened conscience. One thought gathered here, or in some other old time production, gave her a vivid conception of future punishment. The wicked, in a future state, were imagined to exist in the comets, subject to an atmosphere, now of liquid heat, and then of solidified cold, and again, that the member or passion that had chiefly sinned, would embody the lost spirit. Such views of God, not as a merciful and wise, yet just Sovereign, but a stern Judge, stirred up all the rebellion of her heart against Him; and one day, while committing to memory her Sabbath-school lesson, the last chapter of St. John's gospel, she had come to the last verse, when the absurdity of its literal meaning was presented to her mind with the thought, "The Bible may not be true." With all the force of her nature the tempter was resisted, but continually the doubt was insinuated, the closet's contents were now anxiously searched for "evidences" of the truth of revelation, but the objections, stated to be refuted, were more often made her own.

It is the twilight of a winter's Sabbath, and thinking her father has gone to some service, she enters his study, and securing her greatest favorite, Bunyan's *Pilgrim*, curls herself up on the window-seat, to read by the street lamp, for the Bible, hymn-book and catechism, are the only allowable Sabbath reading. Her father's hand is laid upon the book, and affectionately seating her beside himself in the great study-chair, he talks to her kindly and more simply than is his wont, then kneels with her in prayer, again that prevailing brightness envelopes her yet with palpable parts and perceptions. With a heart greatly softened and penitent, she longs to tell him all her hardness and unbelief, and ask what she can do. He does not see this, it is time for his evening service, and telling her to commit to memory the twelfth of Romans and look over her catechism, leads her back to the family room, chilled once more into her hard reserve.

Years pass, and Mary stands up in her father's church, a girl of fifteen, to profess her adherence to her father's faith and her love to her father's God. Sometimes on the mount, more often in the valley, she is wont to adopt her religious feelings in the place of God's Word; she knows that the promise of God in Christ can suffer no change, His power and grace be susceptible of no decay, yet fails of its support. When trial came, and the plough

went over heart, the hand of God was near, to scatter seed unto eternal life, but she knew it not, her heart sought the grave of its idols. In the cloud and darkness God had drawn near to her, and would have taught her what her whole life had pined to know, "He would have shown her time, men, affairs, the glory of the world, as those see them, who in heaven stand at God's right hand," but her eyes were dim with tears, and she did not see.

"There are moral crises in life, certain conjectures of affairs, when God displays Himself as He never does at other times." Such a crisis had come to Mary, she understood and felt this, as now in the grey light of that morning it was given her to seize the opportunity that yet offered—to believe that God loved her, and henceforth to rest in His infallible word.

ETHEL.

Children's Department.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

IN a shipwreck on Lake Erie in 185—, some hundreds of persons perished. Among the few saved was a little girl. Being asked how she escaped she replied with childlike faith and simplicity, "I prayed to God and He saved me."

'Tis night on the sea! with a wild cry and wail
O'er the watery waste sweeps the voice of the gale;
Yet nobly the bark rushes on in its pride,
Well breasting the might of the dark, surging tide.
"Oh! what dost thou here in a midnight so wild,
So helpless and gentle, thou golden-haired child?"

There's a smile on her lip, there is peace on her
brow,
No vision of terror is troubling her now;
She has breathed her soft prayer to the heavens
above,
"O, watch o'er me, Father, in pity and love,"
And slumber sinks soft on those blue eyes so mild,
For angels watch o'er her, the golden-haired child.

Hark! the roar of the tempest, the wail of the blast,
The proud ship must yield to the billows at last;
'Mid the struggles for life, and the shrieks of despair
Soft rises to heaven that low voice of prayer.
It is heard, it is heard, in that tempest so wild,
And safe from the wave is the golden-haired child.

w.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

"Out of the Mouth of Babes and Sucklings Thou hast
perfected Praise."

First mo. 4th, 1862.

WITH this note I send twenty-four cents, the amount of our dear Eddy's pennies, that were given him from time to time by his friends. He spent much time looking at the picture on the *Advocate*, and talking about "the poor children that lived in those houses." I designed proposing to him as soon as he became old enough to understand the matter, to send his "little moneys," to them, knowing his generous heart would quickly respond; but it has pleased our Heavenly Father to take him to the better home above, when just three years and five days old, and though he has indeed left our home very quiet and lonely we can rejoice that he has been thus early

taken from this evil world, and safely housed with "the innumerable company" around the throne. Could our fondest wishes have desired for him a nobler destiny! When each returning day the great blank is felt, we are comforted by the reflection. "Think what an angel thou hast given to join the angelic choir!" and I can rejoice that we had one to give.

He seemed to have a sense of his situation, or at least often expressed himself suitably to the result. In the early part of his sickness which was that terrible disease, the diphtheria, he several times said, "Eddy can't get better now," "Eddy can't get well," and continued to say so at times. Twice said he was "happy," and his quiet, patient demeanor evidenced it, even when for the last sixteen hours he could not see at all. He remained entirely sensible to the last, and when asked if he was going away to leave father and mother, he said, "Yes," took my hand in both his to keep me near him, and when the last dread struggle came, he piteously called, "Mother," then the sweet voice was hushed. Our flower transplanted blooms in His "fields of light above," another link loosened on earth and bound in heaven; another treasure laid up to win our souls to God. Dear children, let us all strive to reach that happy home.

"May the lesson that it teacheth,
Deeply on our hearts be graven,
Help to raise our thoughts above
Help to fix our hopes in heaven."

A CHILDLESS MOTHER.

A LITTLE HERO.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

IN the city of Hartford, Connecticut, lives the hero of the true history I am about to relate—but no longer "little," as the perilous adventure, which made him for a time famous in his native town, happened several years ago.

Our hero was then a bright active boy of fourteen—the son of a mechanic. In the severe winter of 18—, the father worked in a factory, about a mile and a half from his home, and every day the boy carried him his dinner, across a wide piece of meadow land.

One keen frosty day, he found the snow on this meadow nearly two feet deep, and no traces of the little footpath remaining. Yet he ran on, as fast as possible, plunging through drifts—keeping himself warm by vigorous exercise and brave, cheerful thoughts.

When in the midst of the meadow, fully half a mile from any house, he suddenly felt himself going down, down, down! He had fallen into a well.

He sunk down into the dark, icy water, but rose immediately to the surface. There he grasped hold of a plank, which had fallen into the well as he went down. One end of this rested on the bottom of the well, the other rose about four feet above the surface of the water.

The poor lad shouted for help until he was hoarse, and almost speechless, but all in vain, as it was impossible for him to make himself heard from such a depth, and at such a distance from any house. So at last he concluded that if he was to be saved at all, he must save himself, and begin at once, as he was getting extremely cold in the water. So he went to work.

First he drew himself up the plank, and braced himself against the top of it, and the wall of the well, which was of brick, and quite smooth. Then he pulled off his coat, and taking out his pocket knife, cut off his boots, that he might work to greater advantage. Then, with his feet against one side of the well, and his shoulders against the other, he worked his way up, by the most fearful exertion, about half the distance from the top. Here he was obliged to pause, take breath and gather up his energies for the work yet before him. Far harder was it than all he had yet gone through, for the side of the well being from that point completely covered with ice, he must cut with his knife grasping places for his fingers, slowly and carefully all the way up.

It was almost a hopeless attempt, but it was all that he could do. And here the little hero lifted up his heart to God, and prayed fervently for help, fearing he could never get out alone.

Doubtless the Lord heard his voice, calling from the deeps, and pitied him. He wrought no miracle to save him, but breathed in his heart a yet larger measure of calmness and courage, strengthening him to work out his own deliverance. It is in this way that God oftenest answers our prayers, when we call upon him in time of trouble.

After this, the little hero cut his way upward, inch by inch. His wet stockings froze to the ice and kept his feet from slipping, but his shirt was quite worn from his shoulders ere he reached the top.

He did reach it at last—crawled out into the snow, and lay down for a moment to rest, panting out his breath in little white clouds on the clear, frosty air. He had been two hours and a half in the well! His clothes soon froze to his body, but he no longer suffered with the cold, as full of joy and thankfulness, he ran to the factory, where his good father was waiting and wondering.

The poor man was obliged to go without his dinner that day, but you may be sure he cared little about that, while listening, with tears in his eyes, to the thrilling story his son had to relate to him. He must have been very proud of the boy that day, as he wrapped him up in his own warm overcoat, and took him home to 'mother.' And how that mother must have wept and smiled over the lad, and kissed him, and thanked God for him!—*Little Pilgrim.*

THEN they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and He saved them out of their distresses. He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death, and brake their bands in sunder.

For the Advocate and Guardian,

"THE CROSSING OF THE RED SEA."

THROUGH the length and breadth of Egypt one common wail of sorrow had gone up toward heaven; for the angel of death had entered every household, and save where the blood-besprinkled door-post marked the dwelling of the believing Israelite, in every house, the first-born, in all his pride and beauty, was stretched in death. And now, in terror and dismay, the proud enslaver came bowing down to his captives, and pressed upon them the jewels demanded from him; only asking, with eager impetuosity, that they would hasten their departure. This last, signal vengeance from the hand of the Omnipotent Judge had unloosed the bars of their prison, and, loaded with the spoil of their enemies, the children of Israel confidently set forth to leave forever the house of cruel bondage.

The proud spirit of Pharaoh had quailed, but he was not subdued. Scarcely had the motley host departed before his courage revived, and, quickly assembling his choicest warriors and charioteers, he pursued the flying captives. And now, behold those whom God had so victoriously brought forth, "With a strong hand and a stretched-out arm," overtaken in a narrow gorge from whence there is no escape; before them is the sea, on either hand lofty mountains tower above them, and behind, the enemy in hot pursuit. Helpless and despondent, whither shall they turn? Escape they cannot, while to retreat is but to throw themselves into the hands of the exasperated king, who already exults over them as the eagle about to swoop downward upon his hapless victim. In doubt and dire perplexity, they knew not whither to turn, when, through their intrepid leader comes the command of God, "Speak unto the children of Israel that they *go forward!*" Strange command! What, forward into the sea, whose waves dash so fiercely against the shore, as if its huge mouth were already opening to swallow them up? Strange command! May not their leader have mistaken its import? No! there is no mistake. Again the command bursts upon the ear, "Go forward!" and tremblingly they prepare to obey, when, lo! the obedient waters divide and form on either hand a wall, firm as adamant; and all the mighty host march through the bed of the sea unharmed, while the Egyptians are drowned by the returning waters. Thus, once more has God appeared to deliver them, and has opened a path through the sea.

Often is it thus with the Christian. He, too, is fleeing from the house of bondage, and often does he feel the hot breath of the pursuer whose willing captive he once was, upon him. He sees no way of escape; on the right hand and on the left God has hedged up his way. Whither, then, shall he turn? Shall he cease his flight and yield himself again to the captivity of sin and death? No! rather let him

listen to the voice from heaven which bids him "Go forward" in the path of duty, whether it be into the sea or the furnace. He who opened a path for the Israelites through the Red Sea, He who delivered the faithful three, who feared not to confess His name, from the fiery furnace, will deliver him and walk with him the onward path of duty. Forward, then, however rugged the way. God will be his Guide and Protector, the way will be opened, the darkness disappear, and God, even his own God will bless him, and bring him at last, when the toilsome pilgrimage is over, into the glorious land of promise. Perhaps some duty, hitherto neglected, is pressed home upon the heart by the Holy Spirit. Shall he close his eyes again in spiritual slumber? No! still the watchword is "Forward," no matter what be the obstacles placed by the adversary who ever watches for his halting. Forward, is the command of Jehovah, and if we obey the heavenly voice, at God's command the mountains shall become plains, yawning gulfs be bridged and even the sea become as the dry land. But if appalled at the prospect, we hesitate, alas! for us; helpless, maimed and well-nigh dead, we shall fall an easy prey to the arch enemy of God and man, who walketh about seeking whom he may devour.

For the Advocate and Guardian,

OUR LITTLE SWILL GIRL.

"FAUGH!" Yes, you turn away in disgust. I was quite sure you would; but listen a moment and see if the feeling will not change to pity. She is a slender, forlorn-looking little creature, with a face that seems to have borne the burden and heat of forty wearisome years, and never in all that time to have known either care or kindness. She is no larger than our ten year old butterfly, but her form stoops and her limbs seem to have lost their elasticity and suppleness. All the life and animation of childhood is completely crushed out of the frail little body. She comes to the basement door, and knocks timidly, and if no one heeds, waits patiently until the door opens, and then with downcast eyes and meek air, passes through the hall and fills her great pail; (sometimes she has two,) and almost staggering under the load, she goes as quietly as she came.

She wears an old faded calico, and ragged shawl and hood, in cold weather, her little blue chapped hands all bare, and shoes that seem only made to collect water about the half-frozen feet.

I used to wonder how she lived, and often followed her in imagination to her desolate home. I could see the rude hut, with its uncouth and unwholesome surroundings, its dirt and filth and disorder. A sickening sight. And then the coarse, almost savage-looking mother (for I have seen her), and perhaps a drunken father, it's no wonder she looks dejected. I wonder if she has anything to look forward to, or has hope died out in that little breast.

She has a patient, almost stoical look, and braves storms and heat with the same air of quiet indifference; care, trouble and exposure are second nature to her; she never has known anything else.

Oh! it's sad to see so many little ones deprived of their childhood. The chill winds of autumn sweep over the young hearts and blight their fragile blossoms; the dew of life's morning is brushed rudely away, and there's only the noon tide heat and evening shadows left. God over all, blessed forever, comfort all such.

But sometimes even this poor apology for a home is taken away, and they are thrown upon the cold charity of a selfish world.

What then?

Ah! the Good Shepherd has cared for them, and there is a "Home for the Friendless" on this side heaven. He has raised up kind hearts that have come up to the work with a will, and provided shelter, protection and comforts for such. Bringing, perhaps, the first ray of joy and sunshine that little care-burdened hearts have ever known.

What a refreshing sight those great, airy, clean rooms, with their dainty little beds, must be to them; and then to be neatly clothed, and have good wholesome food, with warmth and light. It's like a gleam of Paradise.

Ah, many and many a little stray waif has been cared for, and provided with a home by this institution; and may God bless and prosper the noble work, is the prayer of

EULALIE.

Advocate and Guardian.

NEW YORK, MARCH 15, 1862.

HAVE FAITH IN GOD.

"FAITH, like an unsuspecting child,
Serenely resting on its mother's arm,
Reposing every care upon her God,
Sleeps on His bosom and expects no harm,
Receives with joy the promises He makes,
Nor questions of His purpose or His power.
She does not doubt, 'Can this be so?'
The Lord hath said it, and there needs no more."

MANY hearts throughout our land are oppressed with a great sorrow. They look in vain to earthly sources of hope and consolation, for these but deepen the shadows that flit across the vision. A whisper comes from far: "Have Faith in God." What a privilege that the soul may hear it, recognize its author, turn from the things that are seen and temporal, to those that are unseen and eternal.

The promises, exceeding great and precious, were given both for ordinary seasons and for those of extremest need. "Like as a father pitith his children, so doth the Lord them that fear Him, and hope in His mercy." "God is a refuge for us, a very present help

in time of trouble." "What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee." "Trust ye in the Lord forever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength."

How comforting in hours of darkness to search out the promises—make them a living reality, rest upon them, and though all earthly props were failing, be able to exclaim in the confidence of faith, "The Lord liveth and blessed be my Rock."

GIVE TIMELY COUNSEL.

DUTY OF THE TEACHERS OF THE CHILDREN OF SORROW.

A KIND Providence has disposed many Christian ladies of this and other cities, to become voluntary teachers in industrial schools, for one, two or more sessions during the week. They are thus brought into such relations to these children that they are enabled to win their confidence, love and cheerful obedience. They have opportunities to do them good, quite equal to those of the Sabbath-school teacher, and next to the Christian parent. As they gather in their respective classes, for instruction in making the garments that are to give them an appearance of neatness and respectability, also to listen to reading or oral instruction, the teacher holds the key to their young minds, and in many cases, may, if faithful, "save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins." These children of sorrow stand now just between girlhood and womanhood. Extreme poverty, neglect and want, are their earthly heritage. A small room, in the low, densely-packed, unventilated tenant-house, gives them shelter, the bacchanalian revel or the vocabulary of the city street write sad lessons upon their pliant minds. They have a past, dark and gloomy, they are each to have a future. To-day as children, they move to and fro, in a city full of temptations to wrong, and their safe-guards are few—oh, how few! But a little farther down the years, and they will stand as young women, unshielded by home influences, and beset with the lying devices of him who goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. Christian teachers, who shall guard them from the moral dangers that line their path, if now you leave this duty unperformed? Fatal pitfalls are spread for their youthful feet. Resorts, more to be dreaded than the masked batteries of a deadly foe, "lure to bewilder and dazzle to blind." A market for the virtue of these and such as these, is hidden behind the trappings of the gay saloon, the place of amusement, and the nameless dens of shame,

where the arch deceiver plies his fiendish arts, to "weave the winding sheet of souls and lay them in the urn of everlasting death." Shall these poor children, now listening to the words of truth from your lips, now, where right instruction may build around them a wall of principle leading them to shun even the appearance of evil, yet be left to become the victims of the spoiler.

They are poor and dependent; many of them worse than orphaned. Is it true that Satan and his agents are waiting to gather hundreds from their ranks, and brand them "fallen?" How shall the prey be wrested effectually from his grasp? Christian fellow laborer, is it not an easier task to warn wisely, counsel tenderly, persuade earnestly, draw gently by the cords of love, win early to the fold of the Good Shepherd, and thus prevent the moral blight that must change innocence to guilt, and hope to despair, than to withdraw their erring feet if they shall once have taken the fatal leap into the yawning moral gulf to which we have referred?

These schools, to which so many hundreds come from month to month, prompted by love and gratitude, afford blessed opportunities to seek and save the lost, and to sow beside all waters. Years back, when their agency was unknown, could we have seen them suddenly in successful operation we should have thought their existence opened a great and effectual door in the work of *Prevention*.

More faithful missionary teachers, who have time and heart to give to the work, are greatly needed in this field, so white to the harvest. Who that hears the voice of the Master saying, "Go, work to-day in my vineyard," will not listen and obey.

A STRANGE ILLUSTRATION.

OUR remarks in the *Advocate* of Feb. 15th, under the caption, "A Smothered Conscience," have elicited several anonymous communications, one of which follows this article, and merits our thanks; we commend its arguments to Northern women with Southern sentiments. A special advocate of the disaffected party, from whose letter a paragraph was quoted, at the date above, sends us an infliction of four very-closely written foolscap pages, urging the claims of "the peculiar institution," in view of its *benovolence*, harmlessness, etc.; endeavoring to give force to her reasoning by comparisons like the following: she says, "There are those to whom the institution in the Southern states appears to be quite as much a benevolent 'institution' as your 'Home for the

Friendless.' You separate parents and children, cutting off communication between them, giving the latter new masters and mistresses. No doubt these bond-children are generally well treated, and so are the slaves."

We are, indeed, surprised that this strange comparison should be made in any section of the free North. We had never supposed the benevolence of this Charity worthy to be put in the same category with that of slavery, or that any of its doings or aims were of a similar type. But let us examine the point suggested. With both institutions we claim to be familiar, from personal and close observation, and have carefully examined the legitimate results of the work of both. For what cause does the Home separate parents and children? *Never*, but for the better protection and permanent benefit of the child. *Never*, but from motives that invite the closest scrutiny. For example: a family of little ones are deprived of a good mother by death. The father—an habitual drunkard—compels his children to provide by beggary both his food and their own, and also the *PENCE* to buy for him the "fire-water," whose effects so madden his brain as to lead him to imperil their lives by his brutality. The children are committed to the Home, in accordance with its charter, the father urged to sign the pledge, become a sober man, and assured that when his children go to foster-guardians, he shall hear frequently of their well-doing, through our Children's Secretary or Committee. The condition of the helpless children is changed from one of want and suffering, physical and moral degradation, to that of safety, comfort, and respectability.

Again: a child is found about to be imurred where "their feet go down to death," where the known surroundings must lead to early and certain ruin for two worlds. It is rescued and removed from its destroyers, if practicable, irrespective of any pretended plea of consanguinity.

When, too, with much labor and care and expense, a benevolent family have trained, from infancy, and educated a "Home child," so that its habits, associations, affections and sympathies are assimilated to their own, it is deemed but just to those who have filled so well the place of parents to the worse-than-orphaned child, that they and theirs should be left undisturbed in their present relations, and well-earned happiness in each other.

Year by year the Home bridges moral chasms over which many little weary feet pass safely, leaving scenes and ties which, in riper years, *they* would fain forget forever.

Those who revisit this Home in a saved manhood and bright womanhood, remembering *what*, under Providence, they owe to its agency, will be slow to find the type of its benevolence akin to that of *slavery*.

Let us look at the question, Why does slavery permit, and often require, the slave child to be separated from its parents and sold to the highest bidder? Is the motive simply the good of the child? *Never!* Among the thousands thus bought and sold, sordid *gain* is the end sought. Who ever stipulates for the mental or spiritual improvement of the slave child? Who takes an oversight of his rights, and provides redress if they are not respected? Do not southern masters sell even their own children into hopeless bondage, requiring no guarantee for their protection or just treatment? What must we think of the sentiment expressed by a Southern judge, referred to in the following letter: "Slavery is the great safety-valve of female chastity at the South."

While residing, more than thirty years since, in a southwestern city, cursed with slavery, we saw families in our immediate neighborhood whose servants most strongly resembled the accomplished daughters of their master, with the single exception of *complexion*; and yet they were sold for a large price at the public slave auction! The statement was made to us, on good authority, that very few young men of that city were pure in heart, and that none were believed to be so, unless shielded by the grace of God. The terrible state of morals existing, was charged upon slavery. We were told that it was thus throughout the South; that Christian mothers trembled for the moral safety of their sons. Not a few such said to us, "We feel and deplore the evil of slavery—the fact of its sinfulness haunts us by day and by night. We expect that judgments will come upon us for this great wrong." When asked, "Why do you not do your duty to those in your families, by having them taught to read the word of God?" the reply was, "The laws of the state will not allow it. If this were permitted, we could not keep them slaves."

Suffice to say, what we there saw and heard, before the anti-slavery agitation of the country began, made us loathe and deplore the evil. The deep conviction that it was an abomination in the sight of heaven has never been diminished, and seeing, as we now see, the manifest hand of God, visiting with terrible retribution the whole section where this sin has been so long cherished, and where, if not removed, it must continue to spread

blight and ruin, we confess to an earnest longing for its extinction—to a soul-sympathy with the heart-breathed prayer of millions, that the present may be the time when this great iniquity shall be subdued, this stream from the bottomless pit rolled back, an ocean of tears forever dried, and the wrongs of the oppressed no more bring upon our beloved land the terrible scourge of war, with its train of horrors.

SLAVERY FROM SOUTHERN STANDPOINTS.

To the Editress of the Advocate.—Dear Madam,—I do not know that there is anything in my experience calculated to influence others for good, but as I think it somewhat peculiar, I will place it at your disposal, that you may use it if you think fit. I was brought up to think of slavery as a social institution, not indeed desirable in itself on the whole, but certainly as a "blessing to the colored race." My father's household slaves, who wept when told they were to be freed, and ever after sought his aid in their times of need, (some of whom scrupled not to enter our housekeeper's room with the unmistakeable intimation that their mouth "was set cake fashion" in order to benefit by her fresh doughnuts) certainly did nothing to alter my view in the matter. When I received from a Christian friend a letter directing my attention to the teachings of the Bible with regard to slavery, I really rather thought it was the masters and mistresses, who were "in bonds," and I earnestly desired to see our country delivered from what I began to realize was "an evil to the white race," by a just compensation from government to the South. This was about thirty years ago, and now, though a resident of New York, and having watched, first with distrust, and then with interest, the progress of abolitionism, I have never listened to a sermon of Mr. Beecher's, nor an address of Lloyd Garrison, nor an oration of Wendell Phillips, on any subject whatsoever, while the "atmosphere of home" has been decidedly pro-slavery, or at least, exceedingly conservative. What, then, has rendered me a decided emancipationist? First, came an inaugural address by a southern statesman, in which, after denouncing in terms of just and virtuous disgust, the iniquity of "northern prostitution," he eulogized slavery, and enumerated among its advantages the fact that it "was the great safety valve of white female chastity at the South." (Excuse the language, it is not mine.) Turning to my husband I laid down the paper with the remark that I could hardly imagine any more severe censure on slavery from the bitterest abolitionist than was embodied in that remark," and began to think its evils greater than I had before imagined. I pass over some experiences of Northern friends at the South, (for I generally avoid dwelling much on those myself,) and come to stage number two of my mental progress.

Conversing with a Virginian lady, whose graceful and beautiful daughter had won my admiration, I asked her why she did not reside with this charming and dearly loved one, in her native South; to my surprise her chief objection was "slavery."

"But you think the slaves well treated?" I said.

"Yes, pretty well; but it's an evil thing, especially this selling of children away from their parents."

"Do you suppose they feel as we would?" I asked.

"Well, not perhaps, exactly as we would; but I think they have human feelings after all. My mother had a domestic who expressed the wish, as the pangs of maternity commenced, that her infant might be born dead. 'Oh, hush,' said my mother reprovingly, 'that is not right.' 'Oh, mistress,' was the reply, 'if you had borne five children, and had them sold from you as I have had, you would feel so too.'"

"But such instances are rare," I said, still seeking for the bright side of the "peculiar institution."

"Well, pretty rare. People don't like to part families, generally; but still it does occur too often. When I was about four years of age, my uncle brought to my mother a little child of the same age, (sold, you see, at that early period,) and said, 'There, sister, is a slave I have bought for Henrietta. Bring her up with her, and she will make a good waiting-maid.' We brought her up carefully and kindly, till, when about seventeen, a friend said to me, 'Your uncle has given Inez to you, Henrietta, but he has given you no deed, and you should secure legal proof of ownership.' Accordingly I said to my uncle that evening in a little family meeting, 'Uncle, you have given me no paper to show my claim to Inez.' 'My word is as good as my bond, Henrietta,' was the somewhat hasty answer, and I said nothing more. My uncle was then in full health; but two weeks afterwards he died very suddenly. The price his heirs demanded for Inez, we could not pay, and she was sold away, I never knew where. 'Oh! 'tis an evil system!' I thought so too."

Stage number three. The imprisonment of Mrs. Douglas, of Virginia.

Stage number four. The decision of Judge Taney, "that a black man has no rights a white man is bound to respect," and of another judge—I forget his name—that "a slave could have no marital rights."

Stage number five. The knowledge of Southern mothers, self-exiled from their homes, "because they could not bring their children up among the demoralizing influences of slavery." The testimony of the earlier Southern churches, the debates on the subject in their own legislatures, and speeches from Southern gentlemen like the accompanying one from Mr. Faulkner.

Stage number six. The present rebellion. I freely confess that I would give as many cents as I could spare—and beg for more—to aid in "negro emancipation."

I send this without a name, but will verify the statements should you wish it. With sincere regard, yours.

FAULKNER ON THE DISEASE.

HON. Charles James Faulkner, late ambassador to the court of the Tuilleries, ex-Whig, ex-Democrat, and now avowed rebel, having been arrested as a traitor by our Government, and exchanged for the Hon. Alfred Ely, of this State, was a young and tolerably-honest member of that Virginia Legislature of 1832, which took up the subject of slavery (under the spur of the Nat Turner insurrection) and very nearly resolved on its abolition. In his speech on that occasion, Mr. Faulkner said:

"I am gratified to perceive that no gentleman has yet risen in this Hall the avowed advocate of slavery. The day has gone by when such a voice could be listened to with patience, or even with forbearance. I even regret that there should be one among us, who enters the lists as its *apologist*, except on the ground of uncontrollable necessity. Let me request him to compare the slaveholding portion of this Commonwealth, barren, desolate, seared as it were by the avenging hand of Heaven, with the descriptions which we have of this same country from those who first broke its virgin soil. To what is this change ascribable? Solely to the withering and blasting effects of slavery. If this does not satisfy him, let me request him to travel to the Northern States, and contrast the contentment and happiness which prevail throughout the country, the busy, cheerful sounds of industry, the rapidly swelling growth of their population, their means and institutions of education, their skill and proficiency in useful arts, their enterprise and public spirit, the monuments of their commercial and manufacturing industry, and above all, their devoted attachment to the Government from which they derive protection—let him compare all these with the division, discontent, indolence, and poverty of the Southern country. To what is this ascribable? It is to that vice in the organization of society, by which one-half of its inhabitants are arrayed in interest and feeling against the other half; to that unfortunate state of society, in which freemen regard labor as disgraceful, and slaves shrink from it as a burden tyrannically imposed upon them; to that condition of things, in which half a million of your population can feel no sympathy with the society, in the prosperity of which they are forbidden to participate, and no attachment to a government at whose hands they receive nothing but injustice.

"If the incredulous inquirer should suggest that this manifest contrast might be traced

to difference of climate, or to other causes distinct from slavery itself, permit me to refer him to the two States of Kentucky and Ohio. No difference of soil or climate, no diversity in the original settlement of those two States, can be adduced to account for the remarkable disproportion in their advancement. Separated by a river alone, they seem to have been purposely and providentially designed to exhibit in their future histories the difference which necessarily results from a country afflicted with the curse of slavery, and a country that is free from it. The same may be said of the two States of Missouri and Illinois.

"Slavery is an institution which presses heavily on the best interests of the state. It banishes free white labor. It exterminates mechanics, artizans, manufacturers. It deprives them of occupation; it deprives them of bread. It converts the energy of a community into indolence, its power into imbecility, its efficiency into weakness. *Being thus injurious, have we not a right to demand its extermination?* Shall society suffer, that the *slaveholder* may continue to gather his vigintial crop of human flesh? What is *his* mere pecuniary claim compared with the *great interests of the common weal?* Must the *country* languish and die that the *slaveholder* may flourish? Shall all interests be subservient to one? Shall all rights be subordinate to the interests of the *slaveholder*? Has not the mechanic rights? Have not the middle classes their rights—rights incompatible with the existence of slavery?"

Mr. Faulkner is now fighting with the rebels, whose avowed purpose it is to extend over the whole country the system he describes as so ruinous to the welfare and prosperity of States. His concluding questions have great significance at this time. We advise the people to ponder them well.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

AMID the turmoil of this busy life, how calming to find that God has assigned woman a place. She is not left to the sway of circumstances, need not have her phrenological bumps examined to ascertain what profession will best suit her peculiar idiosyncrasy, but has full direction given by her Heavenly Father: "I will therefore that the younger women marry, bear children, guide the house, give none occasion to the adversary to speak reproachfully." 1 Tim. 5. 14. Evidently the apostle considered this position of wife and mother a particular post of usefulness, and sufficient for any woman.

Care-worn, fretful, weary-looking mothers are so usual, and a healthy, cheerful, happy face so rare, that we associate the rearing a family of children with the veriest drudgery. The possession of children, far, very far from being the blessing taught in the Bible, "Lo, children are a heritage of the Lord," rather a thing to be deprecated.

Now this is all wrong from bottom to top,

wrong physically, mentally and morally. All women should, (and all can) study the great laws of health—laws as imperative as life and death. Do not attempt too much, thousands fail here, “remember your family as a whole first.” Their mental as well as physical wants must be cared for. Take time for the right sort of relaxation, with your children, if possible. Rides, walks, refined society—and only this sort—associate your children with those who shall elevate them spiritually. Make their happiness yours, realize that they are part of yourself, and their well-being is to be studied.

I know that the temptation to leave the care of our young children to others is very great. But you only increase the burden by so doing, hold a weight at arm's length, and how much it is increased, how much more difficult to carry than when clasped to the bosom. Train the older ones early, to assist you in the care of the lesser. No matter how many Bridgets your husband can afford to hire, don't let your children miss this opportunity of learning how in their turn to make good fathers and mothers.

And whilst speaking of this matter, I would say to fathers, do not leave all the care to your wives. Get intimately acquainted with your boys and girls. Assist your noble wife in learning how best to suit the machinery of the household to its peculiar needs. If your presence is not necessary to complete the happiness of the family, you are not a good father, whatever you may think of yourself. No out-door duties, even laboring for the salvation of other souls, absolves you from this paramount love and care. The duties in this part of God's vineyard, committed especially to you, will in the great day be first required at your hands. See to it that you are able to render your account with joy, and not with grief. As soon as a child can understand, (and it does so very early,) teach it obedience, this must be its first lesson. Tenderly, patiently, unwearingly, unflinchingly it must be taught, God's first law to children. Here you will need much grace and strength from on high. Your child is God's little one, intrusted to you, and His commands must be enforced, cost what they may. Surround your children with an atmosphere of love. Fondle, caress, indulge, you cannot do too much, but never suffer one direct departure from God's law to pass without more or less correction. Attention to this direction will save many a heart-ache in after life, prevent the necessity of sending that wayward boy to boarding-school, (those young penitentiaries,) where mostly children are sent, whose parents expect strangers to take more pains with their children than they themselves are willing to bestow. Nobly do these teachers in many cases stand under this herculean task, training souls for usefulness here and heaven hereafter; but are the parents' skirts clear? How shall they answer when the inquiry is put, Where is the child I intrusted to thee? “Give an account of thy stewardship.” Come to thy labors, my sister, with courage. “As thy day, so shall

thy strength be.” “Fear not.” “Cast every burden upon Him.” The Holy Spirit is ever near to counsel and support thee, be cheerful; you shall reap, if you faint not.

A VOICE FROM THE COUNTRY.

THE CHILD'S VISION.

A MOTHER'S STORY.

THERE is woe and wail in our hearts to-day, For a child is torn from our home away; The shroud, the coffin, the sable pall, And the clay-cold earth has covered all. The fearful struggle with pain is o'er, But our boy will gladden our eyes no more. His sister sits in her little chair, Looking around with a wistful air, Her brow is clouded, and sad her eye, As she murmurs, “Oh, mamma! I dare not die! With papa and you, I want to stay, I will not go from my home away— That coffin, that shroud, that black, black pall, Oh, mamma! oh, mamma! I 'fraid of all!” And trembling, she nestled her little head On her mother's breast, as the words she said. Sadly the mother murmured low, “Alas! my child, we all must go; 'Tis the curse of sin, and the doom is spoken, 'Tis the law of God, and may ne'er be broken. Though the soul may live with the saved and just The body must molder—dust to dust.” And still the child uttered her plaintive cry, “Oh, mamma! Oh, mamma! I 'fraid to die!”

* * * * *
We entered the room where our little one lay, Resting awhile, on the couch, from play; But gone from her brow was the gloom and blight, And her blue eyes shone with a strange delight, As, turning quick, towards the opening door, She cried, “Oh, mamma! I 'fraid no more! I've been to heaven, and God was there, And flowers were growing, so sweet and fair; And brother was there, in that home on high, Oh, mamma, dear mamma, I want to die.” “You have dreamt it, my child,” the mother said, As half in pleasure, and half in dread, She pressed to her heart her little girl, And smoothed from her brow the golden curl, And gazed on her face with an anxious eye, To see if disease were lurking nigh. No trace of sickness seemed hovering there, No shadow was flung on that brow so fair, But her eyes still shone with that strange delight, And her smile was still as an angel's bright, As eager she answered, “Oh, no! oh, no! It was no dream, I did really go; I've been to heaven, and God I've seen, And sweet flowers growing, and grass so green, And little brother was there on high, And now, I no longer am 'fraid to die.”

'Twas the Sabbath noon when the words she said, Thrilled through our hearts with a secret dread; And our lisping one passed from earth away, Ere again we greeted the Sabbath day. Away to that world so blest and bright, With its angel forms and its throne of light, Murmuring still with life's last sigh, “Now, mamma! I'm not afraid to die.”

J. W.

FROM A TEACHER'S NOTE-BOOK.

JAN. 25th.—Having received word that Mrs. Benedict had a parcel of clothing for our scholars, I started with two of our “best boys” to get the package. Mrs. B. was not at home,

and our long walk availed only to make me better acquainted with those two pupils. I listened with much satisfaction to their prattle. Many things attracted their attention, and drew forth comments; as a stage passed J. said, “I would like to catch a ride on that stage.” D. replied, “I wouldn't get on a stage for anything; father says it is dishonorable to get a ride that I don't pay for; it's a kind of stealing.” I was delighted to hear these expressions, which decided me to visit D.'s mother at once. He had several times said to me very delicately, “I wish you would go and see my mother.” Mrs. Ryan had heard of me from David, and gave me a kind welcome. The circumstances of the family—which I drew out in the conversation—are peculiarly trying. There are two sisters younger than D., and the mother had recently buried a young infant, and is herself in very delicate health. Mr. R. is a bricklayer. Early last Spring he was employed in Jamaica, on a new church, where he was soon attacked with ague; he continued to work the days that the illness was intermittent, until he became too feeble to lift the bricks; he had to return home, and was ill a long time. After his recovery he obtained work on the Staten Island fortifications; soon after he had another attack, and again continued to work until weakness compelled him to return home penniless, all that he had earned having been paid for his board and medicine. He is now better but cannot procure work.

His wife has pledged one thing after another at the pawnbrokers, until they are very destitute. On my expressing regret that she had resorted to this course, she replied, “Oh, it is so hard to ask help; I don't think I could beg, when I could part with anything that we have. The coal in the stove I bought with one shilling, which was all they would allow me on a garment I have just parted with.” David loves to attend Sabbath-school. Last Sabbath his mother thought he must stay at home, as she had pledged his last jacket to obtain food. “Do let me go, I can wear this coat,” said he to his mother. “Well, go then, child, and may be it will bring a blessing, and your father get some work this week.”

Jan. 31st.—Having reported the circumstances of this family to the Executive Committee, they appropriated two dollars to be used in redeeming some wearing apparel which was greatly needed.

As soon as I could leave the school-room, I went to their humble residence; I said to the delicate, sensitive-appearing woman, that I would go with her to get some of her clothing that she had pawned; that the Guardian Society had appropriated the money, and that they required that no article thus redeemed should again be pledged, the object and intention being that the family should wear them for their own personal health and protection. With tears she replied, “I will promise; hunger will not make us part with them, when we think that you have lent them to us.” She put in

my hand over thirty tickets, from which she selected the things that she thought most imperatively needed. My pupil D. had deposited them, and with him I made my first visit to that grasping, clutching devourer of the comforts of the poor—a pawnbroker's office. The usual sign—three golden balls—was hanging over the dingy entrance, on which were the words, "Licensed Pawnbroker." Haggard-looking faces, bearing the marks of intoxication, and others whose appearance betokened their respectability, were waiting to deposit their several packages, for which they received the printed tickets about three inches square, and a few shillings. The little room was dimly lighted and very dreary. Behind a narrow counter were the men who received the goods; no unnecessary word was spoken; the parcel was unrolled, the ticket and money handed to the applicant, who left at once; the package was pinned up, and laid away upon the crowded shelves which line the place, and now hold several cart loads. Never before had I thought that this business was carried to such a fearful extent. The law kindly exempts necessary articles from being taken as payment of debts, and then, in juxtaposition, licenses men to take every article from the wretched, and upon such security, loan to them, in money, the barest fraction of the real worth of such property, thus securing, as experience proves, nakedness, sickness, and death to multitudes. When "our turn came, I was astonished to find that I must pay three per cent. per month more than the cash charged upon the tickets; consequently I was obliged to leave several much-needed pieces that I had hoped to redeem. The two dollars rescued eight good articles, either one of which was worth more than the two dollars. Eight cents remained, which David carried with the clothing to his mother. When reading over the tickets, I noticed that two were for books, and spoke of it. "Yes," said Mrs. R., "we hope we shall be able, by-and-by, to get them again. We miss them very much on Sundays. We have kept our Bible and Pilgrim's Progress." Mr. R. has frequently applied, but as yet has received no fuel from the city authorities. We were glad to learn that the landlord was very humane, and does not distress them for the rent, although they are three months in arrears.

Have again visited the family mentioned in the House Committee's Report, published in the *Advocate* of January 1st, they have received a generous donation of second-hand clothing, and some money, from Mrs. H., in 16th street, and some bedding from the Home, and are much relieved, although still in much need, because without *employment*.

REPORT OF HOME SCHOOL NO. 1, FEB. 1, 1862.

The progress of this school during the past year has been very gratifying. The average attendance the first month it was under my

care was 90, and it has steadily increased until the average the last three months has been 217. With regard to the mental progress of the pupils I think there is a great improvement.

Miss Davis, my faithful assistant, has now in charge over 100 in the primary department, whose daily improvement is highly creditable. Twenty of them have been promoted, and 30 more are reading and spelling nicely. There is a marked difference visible in the general appearance of the children, indicating that their mothers take more pains to send them with clean faces, etc. Among the visitors of the last month, were some Friends; visitors are always warmly welcomed, but the presence of these Friends made it seem at once as if we were in a purer atmosphere. They expressed themselves as much pleased and somewhat surprised that the children could be kept orderly and quiet as others of a different class. One of the ladies took off her bonnet and spoke to the children, oh, how sweetly, of the love of the ladies in providing them such pleasant rooms and all their comforts and advantages, and then laid before them the Saviour's love. A pin falling could have been heard, as she proceeded, telling the little ones of our Father's love, giving His only Son for them. Many of the children wept, and it seemed as if all felt the influence; we parted with these kind visitors with regret.

This month has been so stormy that we have not been able to visit any except the most destitute or sick among the pupils. There is a large amount of sore throat prevailing, but nothing serious. One family of Germans interested us very much. They had evidently been in comfortable circumstances, but the husband was unable to get employment, being a stranger; they have parted with every comfort to keep from starving. They live in a wretched garret-room, with one broken window, the wind blew the smoke down the pipe instead of up. The only comfort I could see was the comfortable which had been given the mother at the Home, and the poor woman was so grateful, she says they would have frozen without it. She said, "Please tell the kind ladies how much I thank them for making my child so warm, and giving me the nice quilt; I read in my Bible, 'I was hungry and ye fed me, naked, and ye clothed me,' and God will bless them for their kindness to me." Her tears and broken language was very touching as she tried to express her feelings.

Another picture. A wretched girl with an old calico skirt, a miserable old shawl, dirty and ragged, applied for admission, but begged at once for almost everything she could think of. We went to her home and found it a rear basement, so dark you could scarcely see, the poor mother and four children so dirty and squalid they were a sickening sight. The mother told us they had sold everything to pay rent, and had to take that place because it was cheap. The mother was advised to go to the poor-house with her children. We talked

with the girls of our first class, the larger ones, about these destitute children and they each volunteered to give something, and we let them do so. They were highly pleased, and seemed to feel that it was more blessed to give than to receive. I wish the donors could have witnessed the delight of the children with their new shoes. I think it would have fully repaid them for their gift.

There have been admitted during the past year four hundred and twenty-seven children. We have revised the roll-book for January of this year, there are three hundred names that we denominate regular attendants, that is, they are here some portion of every week. There have been eight hundred and twenty-three garments finished, a large number of them aprons to be worn in school, seventy-two towels made for Home boys.

Garments distributed in January, 560; average attendance, 248; left to go to places, 6; admitted, 20.

E. M. HILLIKER, Teacher.

HOME INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL No. 3.

The Committee of the Boys' school, would respectfully report:

During the month of January the average attendance has been 115, the inclement weather and the prevalence of disease have detained from school many of the little ones. Sixteen new pupils have been received; with sorrow we add, one scholar has been dismissed. It is not without many struggles, and persevering labor, that we resort to such a necessity. When devoting every energy to the improvement and well-being of an immortal soul, it is truly disheartening, if such an one "despise instruction and scorn reproof." When despondency would prevail, we remember the words learned at a mother's knee, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor," the unlimited word poor. Though reckless and wayward and vile, we know that Christ died for them, and it is only when the conviction presses upon us that we can do a poor boy no good, and that he is seriously injuring others, that we ask to have him expelled from the school; it is great cause for thankfulness, that so few such cases occur.

January is always a very hard month for the class of people whose children are taught in this school, and we know that the daily meal of good bread has saved much suffering. On Thursday, the children brought in their tickets, which were counted and the amounts accredited on the "clothes book." Five weeks had elapsed since the last regular "distribution day," although several had received needed garments in advance on their accounts. Only one had earned the full sum possible, viz.: one dollar and twenty-five cents. On Friday, 31st, the clothing was distributed. All who had earned, by good behavior, seventy-five cents, were supplied with shoes, if they needed them. Twenty pairs of new shoes were given, and 130 garments, the most of them partly worn,

washed and mended. Several mothers have called to express their gratitude, and our hearts rejoice in view of the good accomplished.

After all this attention to the bodies, our friends will ask, What has been done for the mind—the immortal part? We are glad to reply, we have done "what we could." The improvement in spelling and written arithmetic is commendable. A class of sixteen is taught to write, their daily lesson results in marked progress. The older boys study the arithmetical rules and tables, and read the first lessons in Physiology, the books have been supplied by Mrs. Starr, the children seem delighted to learn that their bodies are such curious machines. In concert, the scholars recite oral lessons in geography, tables and mental arithmetic. The invaluable singing lessons by Miss Hilliker, and Scripture lessons daily, complete the sum of our school exercises, which we feel and know will make some impress, that we shall rejoice to meet in eternity.

H. R. S., Teacher.

February 4, 1862.

Correspondence.

A Beautiful Example, by the wife of a Home Missionary.—I have been purposing for some time to write to the "Home," but have delayed until now, from the fact that I could not collect money to assist you in your good work, and have not been able to increase our subscription list as I hoped.

Perhaps you will recollect that in 1860, our Sunday-school girls sent you a box of articles, including ten crib quilts, and this year we commenced, in April, under much more favorable circumstances. One of the lady teachers assisted me, and we hoped to accomplish much, but War has affected every nook and corner of our land, and away here in Salem, we have sent more than one hundred into the army. Our S. S. furnished a quilt, needle-book well filled, and a pin-cushion, to every soldier of a company that was raised here, and also have furnished two good-sized boxes of hospital stores; and these efforts have frustrated our well-formed plans to aid the "Home." We have ten crib quilts pieced, ready for the lining and quilting, with a number of aprons and shirts for the *little ones*, but it was impossible, under the circumstances, to complete them. We shall, if my health is as good as it has been the past summer, commence our work again in April. I am an invalid, confined almost entirely to my room, from a stroke of paralysis, in July, 1859. I have thus far, last year and this also, cut and fitted all their work, and with the exception of a short time when I was quite ill, they have met in my room. During that time they met in the Congregational Church, of which my husband, Rev. S. Hemenway, is pastor. I regret much that we could not have completed our intentions, as I know full well every little helps.

The *Advocate* has been very extensively read, and I trust read to profit. In many it has awakened a strong interest in the Home.

Owing to the scarcity of money, we have not been able to get the number of subscribers we hoped. The little miss that labored so hard last year, has failed this year to increase her number. She said, last night, when she brought the money she had collected, she did not think she ought to allow me to ask for an extra number for her—she could come and get mine to read.

* * * * *

Affectionately,
(MRS.) SAMUEL HEMENWAY.
Salem, Henry Co., Iowa.

Clinton, N. Y.

Dear Madam,—I believe there is no institution that so universally enlists the sympathies of children as the Home. With a little effort, our children have collected the following sums. (See Acknowledgments for Dec.) Whole amount, \$2 02.

The amount seems small in comparison with what you need; but we know that it is "drops of water that make the mighty ocean." We know, too, that you have learned not to despise the day of small things, and we trust that with these children the spirit of benevolence will grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength; and that you may hear from them in the future, with dollars attached to their names instead of dimes.

Yours, in behalf of the children,
(MRS.) ANTHONY PECK.

Alden, McHenry Co., Ill.

"Need it to send to him."—I regret to inform you that I am not able to obtain subscribers for a club. The demand for the benefit of the suffering soldiers seems at present to supersede all other claims. My mother and I feel that we cannot do without your valuable paper. I have just parted with a brother for the war, and we need it to send to him. We really feel that your paper speaks for itself. I hope to be able to send you a parcel for the suffering ones, before the winter closes. My little brother has the outside of a cradle quilt pieced, and I shall try hard to get more to send with it.

With respect,

S. H. KEELER.

A WELCOME RESPONSE.—Please accept the enclosed bill, \$5 00, in place of the one withheld on account of your "aid in spreading the doctrine of Negro Emancipation." From one who thinks

"LIBERTY IS SWEET."

For the Advocate and Guardian.

THE FAITHFUL FAIL.

ALLOW us the favor of a record in your valuable paper of the decease of a beloved sister in Christ, whose memory is precious to the friends of the Redeemer as far as she was known. Seldom has the stroke of death been more sensibly felt than by the removal of Mrs.

Harriet S. Perry. Although months have passed since the fell destroyer came suddenly to execute his commission, our bereavement has all the freshness of a yesterday's occurrence, and although we praise God for so beautiful an example of the transforming power of grace, we feel that an important pillar of the church is removed, and that the cause of benevolence in its various forms has lost a firm and efficient supporter. She became deeply interested in the operations of your Society, gave her influence and means for its support as far as opportunity offered, and was a constant subscriber for your publications from their earliest issues to the time of her decease. She had measured out her threescore years and ten, and from an acquaintance of more than thirty of those years, we feel warranted in saying that few persons in private life, have achieved more for the cause of Christ in all its departments, than this dear sister. Retiring and unobtrusive in her habits of life, her worth could not be appreciated except by her intimate friends. But to a circle of praying sisters whom she welcomed to her house weekly for more than sixteen years, and who had listened to her gentle but fervent, intelligent and earnest supplications, her loss is sorely felt, and her virtues more fully appreciated. Her life which evinced an habitual readiness to pass into the presence of her Redeemer, by faith in His righteousness alone, was entirely divested of the fear of the pangs of dissolution, and she often breathed a wish that (to use her own expression) it was all over. And our merciful "High Priest, who is ever touched with the feeling of our infirmities," removed her consciousness at the swellings of Jordan, till we have no doubt that her safe arrival on the "shining shore" had placed her beyond the power of fear or dismay. May we, who have been favored with this bright example of the power of grace, receive all the admonition and instruction which this providence is adapted to convey to us, that at last we also may be found ready to meet the will of our Heavenly Father.

One thing with regard to our sister we should not omit, the great importance she attached to the blessings of the covenant for her children, whom she early dedicated to God. She faithfully sought to fulfill her covenant obligations by devoting herself to their instruction in the knowledge of God and the way of salvation by Christ. You will not therefore be surprised to learn that she had the satisfaction of seeing her children all professors of the faith of the gospel of Christ. Her beloved companion who walked with her "in the commandments and ordinances of the Lord," has for many years sustained the office of elder in the church, still lingers on these mortal shores to do and suffer the will of God, and hold himself ready for a reunion with the loved ones who have gone before, to unite with them in the sinless worship of the Lamb, at his Master's call.

Elyria, Jan., 1862.

CHRISTIAN PROGRESS.—To a man of middle life, existence is no longer a dream, but a reality. He has not much more that is new to look forward to, and then comes the solemn thought that life's last business is commenced in earnest, and man begins with a pensive feeling to look back on the days of youth. We recall those by-gone years with the sensation of half-sadness which comes over the soul as we gaze on the leaves of Autumn. When the first gray hairs become visible, we feel our sun is sinking to the west and "look back on things behind." This is natural, but is it the high Christian tone of feeling? We answer, No, we who have "an inheritance, incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away," what have we to do with things past. Before us lies manhood with its earnest work and then old age, and then the grave, and then, home! And manhood, in the Christian life, should be a better thing than boyhood, because it is riper, and old age ought to be calmer, more serene, more rich in spiritual experience than manhood. There is a second youth for man, better and holier than his first. There is a peculiar simplicity and touching singleness in Christian old age which has ripened gradually and not fitfully. There comes a love, more deep and pure than the boy could feel, there comes a conviction, with a strength beyond all that youth could know, that the earliest lesson of Christian life is infinite in its unfoldings, and that Christ is all in all.

THE "SEEKING" OF CHRIST.—"I came to seek the lost." We do not first seek God; God seeks us. There is a Spirit pervading time and space who seeks the souls of men. At last the seeking becomes reciprocal. The Divine Presence is felt afar, and the soul begins to turn towards it. Then, when we begin to seek God, we become conscious of God seeking us. Then we hear the voice of personal invitation calling us by name, "Zaccheus, come down!" We obey, and "receive Him gladly." Then the Eternal Presence makes its abode with us, and the hour of unutterable joy begins when the banquet of Eternal Love is spread within the soul, and the Son of God abides there as at a feast. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If any man hear my voice I will enter in and sup with him."

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

OF DONATIONS TO THE

HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS,

From Feb. 10th to Feb. 25th, 1862.

HOME.

Vt. —Ladies Benev. Soc. of West Brattleboro, ft	1 00
Mass. —Juv. Ben. Soc. of Barre, per E. Crawford	2 00
Conn. —Mrs S. B. Minor, 50c, Mrs Dueher, \$1 frt per N. Cook, Waterbury	1 50
Friends in Unionville, per M. A. Smith	4 00
Mrs J. C. Stevens 50c, Effie 10c, Clinton	60
The savings of little Henry, dec., by his mother, Mrs M. Minor of N. Stonington	1 00
Ladies of Plymouth Ch. Sew. Soc., Milford, ft	19
Mrs D. A. Wilson, Harwinton	38
Friends in Sharon, per F. A. Elliot, freight	1 00
A Friend in Middletown	6 00
Mrs Ezekiel Beardsley, Roxbury	50
N. Y. —Miss C. Drakes' S. S. Class in Presb. Ch. Palmyra	1 00
S. School in East Wilson	2 33
Mrs J. M. Howard, Ogdensburg	1 25
Friends in Amber, freight	50
A Cripple's mite, Nile	13
Mrs A. Mellen, Richland Station	50
Ladies of Camden	2 00
Bequest of Miss Sarah Pearse, formerly of Hartwich, by M. Pearse, Albany	10 00
A. E. Farnsworth, East Bethany	1 00
Mrs Randal, Clayville	50
Mrs Mary Albro, Sandy Hill	1 00
S. M. Richards, Spencerport	25
Mrs J. N. Avery, Wampsville	1 00
A Friend in Alfred Centre	1 00

Libbie Wood and Ellen Rews 28c each, Katie Wood 10c, Goshen	66
G. F. Moore, Newport	50
Mrs C. J. Woolsey, Astoria, an. don	50 00
Found in bbl. of clothing	15
Mrs Maria Kent, Franklinville	1 00
Mrs J. Barker of Edinburg	2 00
N. Y. City. —Mrs Jemima Tucker, per Mrs Amherst Wight	5 00
A Friend, per C. M. E.	10 00
N. J. —Carrie L. Lunn, Elizabeth	50
A Friend in Schraubburg	50
S. S. Class in Presbyterian Ch. of Mentrellar 50c, a Friend, Morristown, \$1 per Mrs M. I. Hubbard	1 50
Pa. —Mrs E. K. Dunham, Titusville	2 00
Mrs James Moffatt of New Castle	5 00
A Friend in Redstone	1 00
Ohio. —Friends in Cherry Valley, per D. Gelby, ft	1 48
Julia Nelson of Hillsboro	1 00
Friends in Wellington, per Mrs J. Neckles	1 00
Ill. —A. A. Hinman of Hallock	2 00
Mrs L. B. Wilmet, La Prairie Centre	50
P. M. Hurd, La Fayette	1 00
Wm. Hall \$3, Mrs Macomber \$1 with \$1 from a deceased child, Albion	5 00
A. Bohanan, E. Ennis, J. Nelson, J. Parker, E. Crosley, H. Hodges, W. Maples and L. Baker, 10c each, A. M. Fuller, E. S. Young, E. S. and H. E. Hodges, W. Babcock, R. F. Gilliard, C. Maples, L. E. Hodges, L. L. Welch, J. Evans, Wm. and Ira Babcock, Emma and Lucinda Lemon, 5c each, col. by Eva and L. Hodges, Red Creek	1 50
Mich. —Friends in Ann Arbor \$1 ft, with \$1.25 from a Friend and Mrs C. Parker, 25c	2 50
Mrs Skeels of Rome	35
Mrs Rinney and Mr D. Zimmerman 25c each, Cambridge	50
Wis. —Emily A. Jerome, Roslin	1 00
WIDOWS' FUND.	
Conn. —Friends, Cheshire, per Mrs E. J. Hotchkiss	2 00
Mrs C. Bacon \$1. C. H., B. C. and M. Wilcox, E. Gilliard, G. Boardman, Lavinia, Charles, Pliny and Joel E. Bacon, 25c each, E. and E. Bacon, E. Bailey, M. Hough and a Friend 20c each, W. H. Wilcox, 10c, per L. A. Wilcox, Middletown	4 35
N. Y. —Mrs G. Noyes, Edinburgh	1 03
Pa. —L. E. L. Fobes, Lindenville	1 00
LIFE MEMBERS.	
Vt. —Mrs P. R. Baden of New Haven, full payt, on L. M.	10 00
Ct. —Mrs Abby B. Bates of North Stamford to apply on 2d payt. of L. M.	3 00
Friends in Hanover Society \$2, with \$1 from Mrs Lee and her S. S. Class to apply on L. M. hereafter named, per Mrs D. A. Allen, Sprague	3 00
N. Y. —Dea. Sheldon Warner, to complete L. M. of Miss Florilla Warner of Pitcher, per Mrs E. W. Allen	10 00
Wis. —J. Quincy Adams of Fall River, full payt on L. M. for his wife, Mrs Lucy S. Adams	10 00
Clothing and Provisions.	
<i>Rec'd from Feb. 10th to Feb. 25th, 1862.</i>	
N. H. —Canaan, a package of quilts and clothing from ladies in Canaan, per Mrs C. L. Gerould	
Vt. —New Haven, a package of boys' jackets, articles for Sales-room and toys for nursery from Mrs P. R. Bartow and children's skirts from Mrs Fitch, 74 years old, since deceased	
Mass. —Sudbury, a cribquilt from Mary E. Dickinson, completed before she was six years old.	
Williamsburg, a bag of quilts and clothing from Mrs Rebecca R. Thayer, Mrs Joshua Crosby and Mrs Franklin Crosby	
Chicopee, 2 bbls. clothing from the ladies	
Conn. —Canton Centre, a box of quilts and clothing from a few ladies, per Mrs W. Whiting	
Cowhill District, Clinton, a box of clothing from the ladies, a quilt and pop-corn from Effie Stevens and edging and insertion from an invalid	
Whitneyville, a bbl. of clothing from a few friends, and a quilt from Annie Beekley, a little "Home" child, per Mrs Austin Putnam	
Warehouse Point, East Windsor, an apron for the Sales-room from Sarah E. Woodworth	
Hartford, a fur victorine and cuffs from Mrs John Abernethy	
Suffield, 7 prs of mittens from Mary Spencer	
Milford, a bbl. of quilts and clothing from the ladies of Plymouth Church Sewing Society	
ADVOCATE AND GUARDIAN.	
VOL. XXVII.	
THE ADVOCATE AND GUARDIAN is the organ of the American Female Guardian Society, and <i>Home for the Friendless</i> , and is published under the supervision of a Committee selected from its Officers. It is issued on the first and fifteenth of each month, and has a circulation of forty-five thousand.	
The object of the Paper is to aid parents in the discharge of parental obligations, to guard the young from the snares that often lie concealed in life's pathway—to befriend the friendless—to protect and guard the neglected children of our cities, and train them to virtue and usefulness—in a word, to advocate "whatsoever things are pure, lovely and of good report." The avails of the paper, after meeting its current expenses, are devoted solely to objects of benevolence.	
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5. SCHOOL CHILDREN AT PLAY.
6. HOME CHAPEL, 29 E. 29th St.
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WE would respectfully request our correspondents to have all letters, containing money, registered, when it is impossible to procure drafts.

THE carrier of this paper, MR. JOHN LINE is authorized to receive subscriptions.

TO DONORS.—Small Packages, sent to the City by private hand, may be left at either of the following places: Hubbard and Gillette, dealers in Straw Goods, Hats, Caps, Umbrellas, Parasols, &c., 18 Cortlandt Street. Jas. O. Bennett, Commission Merchant, New Produce Exchange, Cor. Whitehall & Pearl.

NOTICES.

The next meeting of the Board of Managers of the American Female Guardian Society will be held at the Home, 32 East 30th Street, on Wednesday, April 2, at 10 o'clock. A. M. Members of the Board and friends of the Society, are invited to attend without further notice.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.

A regular meeting is held every Friday, at 10 A. M. in the Home Committee Room for the purpose of preparing work for the Industrial Schools. Ladies friendly to the effort are invited to attend.



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Aims of the Am. Female Guardian Soc.

1st.—The Society aims to rescue from degradation, physical and moral, the children of want, homelessness and sorrow, wherever found—who may be committed to the Society in accordance with its Charter—and after suitable probation in their institution, to learn to what they are best adapted, &c., to secure for them permanent country homes in Christian families.

2d.—To reach as many as possible of this same exposed class of children, who though prevented by surrounding circumstances, from becoming Home beneficiaries as inmates, may, nevertheless, be withdrawn from the education of the city street, taught habits of industry and propriety of conduct, the knowledge of the Bible, &c., and surrounded by influences that may be protective and saving.

(Several hundred of this class receive food, raiment, instruction and watch-care through the agency of the Society.)

3d.—To afford a place and means of protection for destitute respectable young women, without employment, friends or home, and within the age and circumstances of temptation.

4th.—To aid and encourage destitute American widows with small children, to avoid a separation as long as practicable, by furnishing apparel, bedding, etc. at discretion; securing remunerative employment as far as it may be obtained, and also to admonish the unwary of the moral pit-falls that often abound in the pathway of the lowly.

5th.—To use the Press to enlist the Public mind in behalf of the several classes and objects above named.

Wants.—The Home has been established fourteen years, and has sheltered, fed and clothed, temporarily, over 10,000 children and adults. It has been sustained mainly by charitable contributions, and at the present time is in special need of funds to meet its current expenses, and the pressing claims arising from its enlargement.

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PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

MINISTERS, who occasionally present to their people the claims of the Society, can receive the paper free of charge. We shall be glad to hear from all those now receiving it, as the list is being revised.

Please always send post-office address—including COUNTY and STATE—in every letter; it saves much trouble, and prevents delay.

Postage on this Paper, in the State of New York, 6c: a year in advance. Out of New York State, 12c. a year, payable at the post-office, where the paper is received.

Postage on Canada papers, which should be sent with the Subscription price, 12c. a year.

POSTMASTERS and others, desiring papers to be discontinued, will please send the name of the P. O. as well as of the Subscriber.

BOUND VOLUMES of the *Advocate and Family Guardian*.—A few copies of each of 1858, 1859 and 1860 are on hand, price \$1 for '58; \$1.25 for '59 and '60, neatly bound in muslin. The postage being 45c., it is better to have them sent by express or private hand.

ALL MONEY SENT FOR BOOKS, to the ADVOCATE and Guardian Office, must be at the risk of those sending it. If possible remit drafts on New York, payable to order.

Packages—not letters—should be marked:

HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS,
29 East 29th Street, New York.

Care
A. Chapman, (Healey's Express,) Pier 16, N. R.

A list of articles, with donors' names and post-office address, should be enclosed in package, and another similar list sent by mail, stating when the package was forwarded.

Special Notice to Advertisers.

Advertisements of MEDICINES are not admitted.

Owing to the rapid increase in our circulation, we are compelled to raise the price of Advertising to 20 cents a line, (Nonpareil,) each insertion. Business Notices, 40 cents a line, (Minion.) These prices are lower than any paper of equal circulation.

Important Legacies have been lost to the Home through informality. It is therefore earnestly requested of those who design to benefit the Institution by giving it a place in their last Will and Testament, that they would use the following:

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to the American Female Guardian Society, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1849, the sum of \$—, to be applied for the Benefit of the Home for the Friendless, or to other charitable uses of said Society.

The Will should be attested by three witnesses, who should write against their names, their place of residence, and state that they signed the instrument in the presence of the testator and each other, and that the testator declared to them that it was his or her last Will and Testament.

ADVOCATE AND GUARDIAN.

TERMS.

\$1 a year, (in advance) to Single Subscribers, \$5 (in advance) will pay for Ten Copies sent to one address; and at the same rate for any additional number.

Letters designed for publication, should be addressed to the *Editor of Advocate and Guardian*, 29 E. 29th Street, New York. Box 4740.

Letters designed for the Board or Executive Committee, and Reports of Auxiliaries, address: Corresponding Secretary, A. F. G. Soc. 29 E. 29th St. New York. Box 4740.

Letters concerning the *Advocate and Guardian*, and those containing funds for the Society, should be addressed

MRS. SARAH A. STONE,

29 E. 29th Street,

Box No. 4740.

New York.

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